

THE
DUENNA
A
COMIC OPERA,

In Three ACTS:

As it is performed

by his

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Quid Rides? de Te Fabula narratur.

A NEW EDITION.

P. H. H. H.



fecit Fleet street.

Scene the last

LONDON:

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DEDICATION.

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

S I R,

THOUGH this OPERA has never been performed on *your* Theatre, and may be considered as in some degree the Exclusive Property of the OTHER HOUSE, I cannot refuse this only opportunity I can now enjoy, of testifying my high sense of Your Merit, as an *Actor*, and a *Man*.

WHILE you are retreating from the busy scenes of public Life, crown'd with Laurels that shall never fade, permit me to hope that I may gather one Sprig of Bays at the foot of that Parnassian Mount of which our immortal *Shakespear* is the great and unrivalled Ranger.

LONG

ii D E D I C A T I O N.

LONG may you live, Sir, in the full enjoyment of every temporal blessing ; and late, very late, retire from the scene, amidst the acclamations of applauding Angels !

Thus wishes

Your ardent Admirer,

And

Most devoted humble servant,

June 18th,
1776.

THE AUTHOR.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

DON LOUIS.

MAC BOOT.

BOREAS.

TWITCHER.

MINDEN.

MUNGO.

WEATHERBEATEN.

CAEN-WOOD.

DART-FORD,

CANTING JOHN.

PINCHEY.

LIEUTENANT OF THE NAVY.

CLARA RAYMOND.

SERVANTS, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MUNGO.

WELL! mine is a laborious task! I run of errands all day for rascals that I despise, and am obliged to be up all night, waiting for orders from one whom I should delight to honour—if he had but capacity and resolution to support his own dignity.—But I must open the business of the farce.

SERENADE. MUNGO.

Tune. Tell me, my lute.

*Come on, dear bagpipe, let thy groan
Accompany thy Master's moan ;
So humbly grunt, so queerly squeak,
That—when the drowsy Boy shall know
Who sings,—who thrums below—
He quickly condescend to speak :*

*Thus may my bagpipe utter more
Than ever bagpipe did before.*

Tune. The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Mungo. O 'tis a bleak and dreary night,
And long attending have I crept,
Wishing that I the while had slept,
Nor long'd in vain—to see the light,
B Don Louis,

Don Louis. *Waking—I saw my Jerry there ;
Waking—my Mungo blest'd my sight ;
But where is Boreas, tell me where,
Who guides the helm of Empire right ?*

TRIO.

Tune. What vagabonds are these I hear?

Mac Boot. *What scurvy loons are these I hear
On the lovely bagpipe thrumming,
In my pupil's ear so drumming ?
Fly, paltry squallers, fly !*

Don Louis. *Nay, prithee, Sawney, I'm but
young—*

Mungo. *Your humblest servant I !*

Mac Boot. *How dare you, blockhead, lend an
ear*

To his deceitful tongue ?

Quick from the palace fly——

Don Louis. *Farewell my Mungo.——Mungo.
Will you sneak ?*

Don L. & M. *Perhaps we ne'er may meet again,
Perhaps we may—we scarce can
speak :*

One will be wicked—one a fool.

Mac Boot. *Rascal, be gone to school !*

D. Louis, & M. *The God of war, who knows our
pain !*

Mac Boot. *Hence villains !——must I speak in
vain ?*

Mac Boot. I'm in a cursed situation to be eternally plagued with these loons. The boy would behave well enough if he was left entirely to my management ; for his head is sufficiently thick, and his heart is proportionably callous : at any rate, however, 'tis a d——d thing to have the custody of fools.

Enter

Enter LITTLE PINCHEY.

Pinchey. I beg your lordship's pardon for an interruption at this unseasonable hour; but I had my patron's commands to wait on him with a newly-invented cork-screw and button-mould.

Mac Boot. Ha! ha! ha!—Cork-screws and button moulds!—When the fate of empires is at stake, and when all his honours and possessions totter on the brink of destruction! Astonishing madness and folly!—Let me hear no more of it.

S O N G. MAC BOOT.

Tune. Could I his faults discover.

*Could I his faults remember,
Forgetting all his worth,
Soon would my wild ambition
Give mad rebellion birth:*

*But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of his mind,
His worth still rushes on me,
And strikes resentment blind.*

But retire, for I see Mungo coming this way. [*Exit Pinchey*] Now what the devil can this fellow mean by returning so suddenly! his management in office has made him equally troublesome and necessary; so that a man can scarcely bear his impertinence in the very moment he finds himself unable to dispense with his services: [*Enter Mungo.*] Well sir, what wind brings you back so soon?

Mungo. In a word, my lord, I am ill used—*Boreas* refuses to pay my last half-year's pension, and the additional gratuity that was promised, though he must be conscious that if doing such dirty work as

the devil himself would be ashamed of, could merit payment, I, of all men living, ought to receive my wages in advance.

Mac Boot. True, Mungo;—but surely he will repent the rash resolution, and give orders for the payment of what has been promised you.

Mungo. I can hardly think so, my lord; for you know, with what an obstinate refractoriness he perseveres in his opinion; especially if that opinion be founded on principles of manifest injustice:—and so, my lord, in one word, I declare off; I'll not do any man's dirty work without being paid for it.

S O N G. M U N G O.

Tune. I ne'er could any lustre see.

*I ne'er could any merit see
In men that would not give a fee :
I ne'er obey his lips commands,
Who fails to bribe my greedy bands.
Has the man who seeks my aid
Store of guineas to be paid ?
I will own 'tis faithful pay,
In my pocket when they lay.*

*If his lordship's band will give,
I will labour while I live :
But still I bear not his commands,
Till his cash is in my hands.
Must I, with my tongue and eye,
Speak, at once, and look a lie ?
I will do so—when I see
Bank notes reward my villainy.*

Mac Boot. Why I must own you are right, *Mungo*. Money is the *Sine qua non* of Government; and I think the man who serves his country without a view to his own interest, is a fool for his pains:—

but

but to do justice to our modern senators and legislators, this is a folly that very few of them are guilty of.

RONDEAU. MUNGO.

Tune. Friendship is the bond of reason.

*Money is the clue to guide us,
Then, when masters disapprove,
That same money will provide us,
Maugre all their hate or love.*

*The faith which to my lord I swore
As an idle oath I view,
But to the Cash,—which I adore
'Tis my interest to be true.*

*Then if to one I false must be,
To young Boreas or myself,
To hesitate is not for me,
Rul'd as I am by love of pelf.* [Excunt.

Enter BOREAS.

S O N G.

Tune. To the tune of,

*Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of his service are strong ;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And he'll blow me to Hell if I'm wrong.
What soul-rending torments on MINISTERS burst !
Ah, none like a statesman—a statesman is curst !*

*When blest with my sovereign's smiles,
Good Lord then how happy am I !
Let another creep in by his wiles,
And my heart says that bliss was a lie !
Then how can I hope from my woe a relief,
Since his bounty of heart is the source of my grief !*
It

It is not a little mortifying to a man of my birth and rank, raised as I am to the first honours of the state; before whom the nobles of the realm bow down, and in the worship of whom even the bishops forget their God:—Mortifying did I say! 'tis distraction itself, to think of being superseded in consequence by the sneaking son of a reptile taylor, the spawn of shreds, stay-tape and buckram:—But I must oppose cunning to treachery, and try if I cannot abate of his influence.——After all, I fear I am but acting the part of the *little cunning Isaac*, and that the over-reaching subtlety of my schemes will defeat their own influence.——But soft——who comes here?——The very man on whom depends my fate.

Enter *Don Louis*.

Don Louis. Why so pensive, my lord?—No more bad news from that rebellious continent I hope.

Boreas. Nothing of that kind troubles me at present, Sir; nor have I any particular cause of uneasiness: indeed, why should I, of all mankind, be unhappy, who bask in the sunshine of your favour?

Don Louis. And of that thou mayst be always assured.——Continue only to deserve it.

S O N G. *Don Louis*.

Tune. Thou can'st not boast of fortune's store.

Ee'r while thou couldst not boast of power,

While I dispens'd it at my will:

On thee I sent the kindly shower——

Rewarding thy consummate skill.

Then let thy grateful heart expand,

And own the bounties of my hand.

So,

*So, when thy worth is farther tried,
 My constant words and deeds shall show
 That I by thy advice abide,
 Betide my country weal or woe :
 Then shall thy grateful heart expand,
 And bless the bounties of my hand.*

Boreas. My future industry, zeal and fidelity will best shew the grateful sense I entertain of all former favours; and of this gracious condescension :—but I must retire, Sir ;——for I see one advancing whose business will require your private ear. [*Exit Boreas.*]

Enter MAC BOOT.

Mac Boot. Well, young squire, and how goes on the button-making trade, and what is the price of the last invented cork-screw ?

Don Louis. Nay, no reflections, Sawney ; amusement is necessary to dispel the cares that await my station.

Mac Boot. Amusement !——then seek it in something rational. But I am giving advice where I am sure it will not be taken ; and so—

DIALOGUE.

Mac Boot. *Ne'er again I'll see thy face :*

Don Louis. *O Sawney, bear,*

Mac Boot. *Thou art a babe devoid of grace :*

Don Louis. *A pupil dear !*

Mac Boot. *Hence—and let me hear no more.*

Don Louis. *O Sawney, bear,*

Mac Boot. *Ne'er again I'll seek thy door—*

Don Louis. *A pupil dear !*

Sure you'll never

Your love sever.

Mac Boot. *Hence—and let me hear no more.*

Don Louis. *O what I fear!* [*Exit Don Louis.*]

Mac Boot.

Mac Boot. Sure of all curses, the curse of having to do with the obstinate is the worst, When natural weakness of intellect has increased the natural obstinacy of heart, in a pupil of high rank, the devil himself would not be his preceptor.

SONG. MAC BOOT.

Tune. If a daughter you have, &c.

*If a pupil you have of an obstinate turn,
No peace you shall know—for he nothing will learn.
At twenty he mocks at the duty you've taught him—
And throws aside all the fine books you have bought
him——*

Screwing and turning !

For knick-nacks burning !

O ! you'll repent all the lessons you've taught him !

*When scarce in his teens, lord how would he perplex
me !*

*Still seeking out different methods to vex me ;
With toys and with trinkets which every fool brought
him,*

How he'd forget all the lessons I taught him !

Wrangling or angling !

Fighting, not writing !

O ! he'd forget all the lessons I taught him !

Enter COUNT MINDEN.

Minden. All kinds of gratulations to your lordship.—This solemn hour of night is favourable to our machinations.—When I entered on this public business it was in full reliance on your countenance and support, and in absolute dependence on receiving

receiving the honour and advantage of your instructions.

Mac Boot. True, sir; and you shall find the performance equal to the promise. You have no reason to doubt my will or ability to keep my word?

Minden. No, my lord—but it is a bloody business in which we are engaged; and you know my constitutional aversion to the spilling of blood.

Mac Boot. I do, sir; but I always conceived it was the spilling of your own, and not the blood of others, that was the object of your aversion.

S O N G. M I N D E N.

Tune, When fable night each drooping plant restoring.

*When on the German plain each soldier battled,
To the dread music of the drum;
And, with terrific looks, their weapons rattled,
I much frightned, long'd for home.*

*Alas! thought I, that foolish folks should wrangle,
And cut each others throats for fame;
When all that can be got, by all the jangle,
Is but the whistling of a name!*

*At Ferdinand's stern orders
I wish'd me from those borders;
When swearing,
And then tearing:*

*Ab! What oaths he swore!
But soon I bied me thence:
For had his mad pretence
Oblig'd me to fight then—
I must have fought again;
And I was well resolved to fight no more.*

C

Mac Boot,

Mac Boot. And thou wert quite in the right on't, lad. Let madmen fight for pay; and let ingenious knaves find dull fools to pay them for fighting—But retire, Minden. We will find another time to confer. I see one coming who has vow'd to serve me in another way. [*Exit Minden.*]

Enter SAWNEY WEATHERBEATEN.

Mac Boot. Well, my lad, have you disposed of the last 5000*l.* as I directed? and will the members of our club vote according to order?

Weatherb. To a man, my lord—doubt not, I beseech you, my skill or address in the management of matters of this kind.

Mac Boot. I have no doubt of your skill or address—'tis your honesty only that I hesitate about,—for are you not a countryman of mine? —The money may get the better of your boasted integrity, and you may embezzle the cash you should distribute.

Weatherb. Banish, my lord, these unjust surmises, I beseech you. I will be ever faithful to your commands.

SONG. WEATHERBEATEN.

Tune. Had I a heart for falshood fram'd.

Had I a soul for treach'ry fram'd,

I ne'er could injure you:

For though your rank no service claim'd,

Your power would make me true.

To

To you no Whig dare misbehave,
 No Tory offer wrong;
 Freemen submit, and every slave
 Shall hail you with his tongue.

And when the Continent shall know
 The part that you shall take,
 New factions shall from old ones grow,
 And murder—for your sake.
 Then, lord of our devoted lives,
 Fear not to suffer wrong:
 Our babes shall lisp your praise—our wives
 Shall hail you in each song.

Mac Boot. Peace a moment—stand back.—
 Here comes Boreas and his master. Let us stand
 aside and listen. We may possibly hear something
 by which we may profit.

Enter BOREAS, and Don LOUIS.

DIALOGUE.

Tune. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her.

Boreas. The Thane now expects me, and I must
 go to him,

Or how can we hope to be right?

Don Louis. O press him, and like a fond shepherd
 pray woo him,

And meet me at Kew—in the night.

Alone, and away from the man I can
 trust,

On strangers I'm forc'd to rely—

Boreas. O, sir! here is one I am sure will be
 just

He'll deceive you no more than—
 would I.

[Exit M. Boot unobserved. Weatherb. advances.
 C 2 Weatherb.]

Weatherb. Indeed, my worthy sir, his lordship tells you the truth : My abilities shall be devoted to your service, and I shall think myself honoured by your commands.

Don Louis. I cannot account for a late alteration in my disposition ; but I begin to be suspicious of every one that is about me.—Things go not well—I am sick at heart.—Happy the poor peasant who presses with content his bed of straw, to the titled slave who seeks in vain for repose on a bed of down ! What worse than misery is this envied state of mine !

A I R. WEATHERBEATEN.

Tune. Gentle maid ! ah why suspect me.

*Noble sir, ah ! why suspicious ?
None are jealous—but the vicious.
Trust in me, I'll not abuse thee ;
If I do—may Heav'n refuse me !
Noble sir, ah ! why suspicious ?
None are jealous—but the vicious.*

T R I O.

D. Louis. *Mayst thou ever be accurst,
If in aught thou break'st thy trust !*
Weatherb. *May I ever, &c.*
Boreas. *May he ever, &c.*

A C T.

A C T II.

BORRAS.

I MUST now think how to rally my forces, and make head against opposition at the commencement of the winter campaign. I can't say I was fond of those two *respectable* minorities, as they call them, last season. Opposition is a many-headed monster; and the curse of it is, that as soon as one head is lopped off, another immediately supplies its place.—Well—I wish *that* BURKE was at the devil, or gained over to our party,—which would be the same thing: the fostering breezes that nurse the flowers of his oratory, are pernicious to the roots of my planting! *That* BARRE too! what an impudent rascal! to pretend to state matters of fact, and then reason from them! These Irishmen exceed us as much in political knowledge as they do in effrontery. These fellows must be bought over if possible;—but I am afraid that the maxim of my great predecessor WALPOLE will not hold good in this instance; at least not in the sense he meant it: For if these men have ANY pride, it is the good of their country; and

and that is a premium at which I am resolved not to be a purchaser.—Then there is *that* Glynn, and *that* Dunning too—Lawyers, and pretend to honesty ! Impertinent scoundrels !—I should not regard them, indeed, but that their abilities render them formidable—their oratory carries weight with it ; and the time may arrive when a majority shall be convinced that it is their duty to be honest ; and then, oh ! then,

A long farewell to all my boasted greatness !

I must e'en try if my lawyers can't be FEED. I have scarce ever known an instance of a lawyer's hand being impenetrable to the *touch*. But then the cursed drain upon the treasury, which, (heaven knows,) is in no condition to supply the demand.—What with powder, and ball, and cannon, and mortars, and Hessians, and Brunswickers, and bullocks, and sheep, and hogs, and four-crou—damn that four-crou, 'twas a cursed unlucky article !—I believe in my conscience (I mean I would if I had any,) that in that article, at least, the rogues of contractors found means to cheat the greater rogues who gave them the contract.—And then, too, Providence seems to devote us to ruin—the winds and the waves—But what have we to do with Providence ? —The most we have to hope is, that it will leave us to our fate—With regard to the YOUNG CUB, I cannot say that I dread his power, tho' his abilities are confessedly great ; for his character militates on my side. The man who will squander the revenues of a prince in one night at a card-table, can never be a formidable rival.—There is a fellow who sometimes affects to be troublesome in the house, and would be really so, if his views were not seen through. The man who affects the character of a patriot should, at least, have sense enough not to ask openly for a bribe. His private application
some

some years since, for the Government of Canada, was not amiss; and if he had persevered in his then adopted submission to the *over-ruling influence*, he would certainly have succeeded; but his impatience got the better of his prudence, and he took the impolitic measure of abusing the man whose patronage he had solicited—But why think I of this wretch?

—The foolish citizens of London have taken it into their *no-heads* to honour him with their patronage, and he is sufficiently damn'd by the distinction.—He now hopes his reward in the city;—but even there he must fail; for the wretch who will indiscriminately abuse both friends and foes, must expect his recompence only in the contempt of both parties. This creature, then, is not to be thought of—he can *bark* only—not *bite*.—That annual motion maker too, that *Sawbridge*: what the devil shall I do with *him*? He pretends to honesty; and I am dreadfully afraid that he *is* honest, in which case there can be no hope from that quarter. Then, too, his fortune is against me. A man of 8000*l.* per. annum, bred up in the hot-bed of freedom, and boasting of her principles, is but an unpromising subject for a prime minister to exercise his talents on.—If this son of the Oliverian race should but have art enough to persuade the house that septennial parliaments are the bane of this Kingdom, and that a frequent recurrence to the opinion of the people can alone restore their departed privileges,—why then—adieu to all ministerial influence!—A first lord of the treasury will be the servant only, not the tyrant of the public; and a king will be only what Locke, and other fanatic writers, have deemed him, the high constable of the realm.—But enough of these creatures; I must look out for other stuff to work on.—Give me your Elliots, your Jenkinsons, your Merediths,

your

your—Aye—and your whole list of Scotch dependants, who will do as they are bid—run of an errand—fetch and carry—vote that black is white—that white is black, or that either one or the other are all the colours of the rainbow—these are the sort of folks that have form'd the glorious majority during my auspicious administration. |

S O N G. BOREAS.

Tune. Give Isaac the Nymph.

*Give Boreas the man who no honour can boast,
Who cares not if I or Old-nick rule the roast;
Who will follow the leader, whoever he be,
And vote or with Pitt, or with Wentworth, or Me.*

*Whate'er his opinion, I care not a fig;
I joke with the Tory—and laugh with the Whig;
And tho' in their looks I no honour can see,
Let them Vote—and their faces are welcome to me.*

*Let their thoughts be the blackest that ever were known,
And their consciences bloody and dark as my own;
Yet still I'll accept all the treasures they give,
And laugh at the boobies as long as I live.*

*'Tis true, I'd dispense with the post that I hold,
If with it I should not dispense with my gold;
But avarice secends ambition so well,
That I'll follow my old master Walpole to hell.*

Enter WEATHERBEATEN.

Well sir, and whence came you?—From Caen Wood, I suppose :——And what news from that quarter?

quarter ? Has the last application at *Kew* succeeded ; or shall we again ask, and be again refused ?

Weatherb. Why, my lord, I am sorry to tell you, that the hero of Caen-Wood is too crafty to be fathomed by all my artifices ; and there is a persevering obstinacy in Don Louis, which defeats the machinations even of a lawyer. He says, that the skill of *Minden* is equal to his courage, and that he shall not be discharged, at least till the event of the next campaign is known.

Boreas. Then I shall not be able to get rid of that rascally *Mungo*, who will triumph in his consequence, and, in the end, set even *me* at defiance. In a word, he has made himself so necessary to people in power, that I hate him as much as a fire-lady does her rival in the affections of her lover, or any lady does the woman who is more beautiful and virtuous than herself.—Would to heaven he were in the hands of a prosecutor and a jury, neither of whom would recommend him to mercy.

Weatherb. Aye—and that your lordship had the casting vote in the privy-council.

Boreas. Right, *Weatherbeaten*—thou art the man of my own heart :—A dozen such precious scoundrels as thou art, were sufficient to unhinge an empire—But haste, I beseech thee, about the business that was mentioned in the morning, and let me see thee at the old place at seven.

Weatherb. I shall not fail—but there are two hundred deficient on the last account, my lord, and I am at great expence in spies and intelligence.

Boreas. Well, thou shalt have them at night—secret service-money must be paid.—Adieu.

[Exit *Weatherbeaten*.]

Boreas. I know not whether the rascal I have been talking to, or the rascal I have been talking of, be the greater—but—

D

Enter

Enter MUNGO.

Ah ! my dear Mungo ! where hast thou been ?——
I have been lost for want of thy advice—the public
business stands still without thy assistance—the
fate of empires awaits thy nod.

DIALOGUE.

Mungo. *Dominion was given
To premiers from Heaven—
Sweetest bondage of the mind.
And now were alone
Come, candidly own——*

Boreas. *Ah ! no pleasure can I find,
But when, for my pains,
I count all my gains——*

Mungo. *You think—the world—is stark blind.*

Boreas. Indeed I do not, Mungo ;—*entre nous*, I
am afraid it sees more than it is my interest to wish
it did :——But it has been my rule, and thanks to
the vices of mankind, with tolerable success hitherto,
to make money supply the place of public virtue.

SONG. BOREAS.

Tune. When the maid whom we love.

*When the man that I ask
Makes a difficult task
To vote as I would teach him,*

*I a paper produce
Which he finds for his use,
And thus I fairly reach him.*

*I ne'er wait like a fool
Till his avarice cool ;
That were to lose my bargain :
But seize on the minute,—
And then nothing's in it ;
I've found the way of arg'ing.*

*Nay—was honour my fer,
(Tho' I'm d—d if it be,)
Men sooner quit their station
When the contracts present,
Or when guineas are sent,
To bribe a corporation.*

Mungo. Pray, my lord, now you talk of corporations, what end will be made of the affairs respecting those two precious boroughs in the west?

Boreas. Oh ! my little corporations in Dorset and Wilts !—they cannot but thrive—they have learnt that two and two make four.

Mungo. Aye, my lord—and that two fifties make a hundred—Indeed they are deep in the science of political arithmetic.

Boreas. Right, Mungo—tho' they have not travelled, they know how to accumulate the riches of the East.

SONG.

Tune. When a tender maid.

*When a Nabob's face
In a country place
Is first with wonder seen,*

D 2

How

How the rustics stare
 To behold him there,
 Till he unfolds the scene :
 If he touch the hand—they tremble quite !
 Shew them Punch—and they swoon outright !
 While a pit-a-pat, &c.
 The heart avows the fright !

But at night appear,
 Fewer signs of fear ;
 They ask of Punch the news ;
 Then his hand they grasp,
 And his purse they clasp,
 And not a blush ensues ;
 Till to London Town the culprits come,
 Doom'd thither for their vices to roam ;
 When a pit-a-pat &c.
 Their hearts are all at home !

Mungo. Ah ! poor devils !—You know, my lord, if there were any crime in bribery, it would, in these cases, rest principally with the man who offers, not with him who accepts the bribe ; for the latter is generally so indigent and so ignorant, that it can hardly be expected he should resist a temptation, that at once fills his empty pocket with money, and his still emptier head with imaginary ideas of his own importance.

Boreas. Thou art right, my little Jerry, generally speaking ;—but thy observation will not hold good with regard to the leading people among our West-Country friends, many of whom were neither so stupid nor so poor as to render their late conduct the effect either of ignorance or necessity.—In a word, *Mungo*, they are men after our own hearts ; a set whose avarice and venality render them admirable tools to second the views of GOVERNMENT.

Mungo.

Mungo. Of MINISTRY you mean, my lord;—for hackney'd and trammeld as I am in the paths of corruption, I cannot but see an essential difference between the manly government of a mighty empire, and the pitiful machinations which distinguish the misrule of a minister—and—

Boreas. Nay, no reflections—no qualms of conscience, Mungo—Come, sing me a song.

Mungo. I'm all obedience.—Shall it be the piece which I pick'd up at the patriotic clubs in the city, on the night that I was so successful in persuading some of *Wilkes's* old friends to vote for *Hopkins*?

Boreas. With all my heart;—for, if I remember right, it suits the subject of our present conversation.

SONG. MUNGO.

Tune. Ah sure a pair, &c.

*Two Boroughs, sure, were never known
To match like Shaftesbury and Hindon!
From all allegiance to the throne,
And public virtue they'd unbind one!
O how wretched are such places
When kindred bribery each disgraces!*

Nabobs alone

Of these made one;

A third—the devil cannot find one!

*So meek and mild the Townsfolk look
Their task you'd swear the devil taught 'em;
Calm in the hand they take the book,
And swear that neither party bought 'em:*

Yet

*Yet the wretched tribe inherit
 Just such proportion of the spirit,
 So groan and sigh,
 So cant and lie,—
 You'd swear that Wesley's doctrine caught 'em.*

Boreas. Ha! ha! ha!—And this song was really sung, Mungo?

Mungo. Yes, my lord, at the *Lumber-Troop-house*, in *Shoe-lane*; and at *Sister Will's Hole in the Wall*, *Fleet-Street*.

Boreas. Why, do you belong to those societies, Mungo?

Mungo. Undoubtedly I do, my lord—or I could not be of the service I am in city elections, which are governed by tavern-meetings, and ruled by the influence of alehouse-clubs—Why half the business (the political business I mean) of the *first mercantile city* in the universe; is adjusted at the *Half-Moon* in *Cheapside*, the *Kings-Arms* in *Cornhill*, the *Paul's-Head* in *Cateaton-Street*, the *Three Pigeons Butcher-hall-lane*, and the two places I have already mentioned.

Boreas. Surprising!—I thought the meetings at these places were intended only to keep up the spirit of faction among a few, and could have no influence on the body of the citizens.

Mungo. Lord! Lord!—How little does a Prime-minister know of politics!—Why Mr. Saxby, or Mr. Stavely, or Mr. Mascal, or Mr. White, or Mr. Wellings, or little Will at the *Chapter Coffee-House*, could have informed your lordship that the opinion of half a dozen rogues, crammed down the throats of half a hundred fools, is always the sense of a *respectable majority* of the *worshipful LIVERY* of LONDON! The body of the people do not examine—they take all upon trust—the
 assertions

assertions in an advertisement are with them as sacred as Holy Writ; and the *Public Advertiser* is their magna charta.—By the way, my lord,—that additional tax upon the news-papers was a d—d impolitic stroke of yours—my head to a china orange it only increases the public avidity to read the papers, without bringing an additional shilling into the treasury.

Boreas. How so?

Mungo. Why the citizens, tho' immoderately fond of political news, have no veneration for being squeezed out of their money—Half a dozen of them, who used to be separate purchasers, will now club to buy a three-penny paper, which they will read with additional avidity, and increasing rancour, on account of the super-added tax.—Among the better sort, who frequent the coffee-houses, the consequence will be still worse—the house will take in fewer papers, that the tax may be unfelt; and the merchant and capital trader will lose that time in waiting to read the news, which might be better employed in the shop, or on the wharf, in the compting-house, or on the walks of the exchange.

Boreas. Um! Um!—This is a consequence I did not foresee—but we are too far advanced to recede. We are on the forlorn hope, and must drive on—neck or nothing.

DUE T.

Tune. Believe me, good Sir.

Mungo. Indeed, my dear lord, I mean not to offend.—
But accept, in good part, the advice of a friend;

Abolish those taxes injustice has plann'd—

*So your armies shall fill, and your fleets shall
be mann'd,*

Boreas.

Boreas. *What barefaced advice!—Ha!—Injustice d'ye say?*

Mungo. *Nay—my lord—I beseech you—I only can pray—*

Your Mungo was never yet known—to this day—

Boreas. *Hence rascal—avaunt—for you die if you stay!*

Mungo. *Nay, my lord, I will not go—you shall not be offended with me—my pardon is already signed, and here comes the welcome messenger who brings it.*

Boreas. *What means the fellow?*

Mungo. *I mean, my lord, that, agreeable to your instructions in the morning, I sent Little Pinchey into the city, to receive of the merchants the stipulated sum for the licences to export contrary to the—*

Boreas. *Hold your tongue, rascal—*

Mungo. *And I see by the screw of his ugly phiz, that he has succeeded—*

Enter PINCHEY.

Boreas. *Well, Pinchey, what success?*

Pinchey. *Why, my lord—I most humbly beg ten thousand pardons of your lordship—why, my lord, I am convinced there is more money to be got by traffic than by fighting;—especially when fighting is made the pretence for traffic.—These papers do not weigh as heavy as rouleaus, but they are more valuable.*

Boreas. *Ah! What do I see!—My dear Pinchey! thou shalt have an exclusive patent for the cork-screws, and the birth-day buckles—Mungo—we are friends again.*

TRIO.

TRIO. BOREAS, MUNGO, PINCHEY,

Tune. A Bumper of good Liquor,

*A handful of bank notes, Sir,
Will purchase far more votes, Sir,
Than cutting thus of throats, Sir ;
So fill the bumper high,
To those who cheat and lie.*

*But honest if we find one,
We'll send him down to Hindon,
Or Shaftesbury, to bribe, Sir,
And not disgrace our tribe, Sir.
A handful, &c.*

Boreas. Gentlemen, I thank you for the zeal and fidelity of your services—I shall dine with Mr. *Minden*, to whom I am sure your company will be agreeable— [Exeunt *Mungo*, and *Pinchey*.
——for he is as compleat a scoundrel as either of ye. [Exit *Boreas*.

Enter *Don Louis*.

If I know my own heart, it beats for the general welfare ; yet there is a fatality attending all I do, that counteracts the best intentions of that heart. My friends, as they affect to call themselves, flatter me
E with

with the possession of abilities. If I really possess them, they are abilities but ill calculated for my station.—I think I could have figured as a hardware-man, or took a respectable station among the haberdashers of small wares—but fate has bound me to a trade I shall never learn. It is not in Nature to counteract her own laws—

S O N G.

Tune. What Bard, O Time, discover.

*What star, of ray malignant,
Its aukward influence shed,
That Jove, with eye indignant,
Should view the nuptial bed !*

*My honour'd father's dead,
My mother gone to rest ;
While not a day
I bear my sway,
But torture wrings my breast.
What star, &c.*

Ha !—Who's there ?—And at this dead hour of the night ? What means this unseasonable intrusion ?

Enter TWITCHER.

Twitcher. Necessity must be my apology, sir,—Bad news from the West India Islands—Nay,—be not troubled—all will be well again—I do not

not believe all that is in *Lloyd's Evening*, tho' it is confessedly a ministerial paper, and the Printer of it the veriest Poltroon in England.

Don Louis. What of *Lloyd's Evening*?—What are the contents of news-papers to me?

Twitcher. News-papers, sir, tho' they sometimes lie, too often tell unwelcome truths:—And the last advices say, that the stores shipped for America are all blown to the devil—or to the West India Islands—and where's the difference?—In a word—I get nothing but disgrace by my station, and am *Gazet-teered* and *Chronicled* out of all my peace of mind—I shall never again see such days as when I soaped pigs tails in Huntingdonshire!—Why, sir, the wife of my bosom can afford me no more satisfaction than I can *her*; and even my friend cannot cast a single RAY of comfort on my gloomy mind.—In a word, sir, I wish I had your permission to resign.

SONG. TWITCHER.

Tune. O had my Love ne'er smil'd on me.

O had Don Louis ne'er on me
Bestow'd the care of shipping,
Nor taught me to review at sea,
I had not thus been tripping!
He bid me hope a boon to gain,
When by his bounty cherish'd;
But all I get is mere disdain,
And all my hopes are perish'd.

*Not worse his fame—the Minden, be,
 Much as they strive to swell him,
 Who lost his fame in Germany,
 As the d——d papers tell him.
 Then let me land—while shore is seen;
 I cannot bear this station;
 The devil stands my fame between,
 And all the English Nation.*

*Don Louis. Resign and be d——d. I cannot be
 worse served—No—You shall not have the ho-
 nour of resigning—You shall be kicked out—but
 here comes one who will assist in singing a requiem
 to your departing fame.*

Enter a LIEUTENANT *of the NAVY.*

TRIO. Don LOUIS. TWITCHER. LIEUTENANT.

Tune. Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast.

*True honour never warm'd the callous breast,
 Where rank debauchery was a welcome guest;
 As worth and virtue, sacred make the man,
 Who ne'er departs from rigid virtue's plan;
 So all the deepest tints that vice can give
 In TWITCHER's rotten name shall ever live.*

End of the Second Act,

A C T III.

CAEN-WOOD. —solus.

IT is in vain to look back, and torture to reflect !
 I cannot repent if I would ! and repentance, if it
 was in my power, would not repair the evils my
 counsel has produced.—The subtlety that has long
 enwrapped my heart, and the cunning that has
 marked its emotions, now stare me full in the face :
 My tyranny is no longer my pride, and chicanery
 itself fails to comfort. And what have I got by all
 the duplicity of my conduct, but grey hairs, and
 an ill name ? For what are all the honours that
 kings can bestow, to the quiet comforts of a good
 conscience ?——I am now convinced——tho' con-
 viction comes too late, that it is a man's interest to
 be honest.

S O N G.

Tune. O the days when I was young.

O the times when I was young !

When upon my bended knee,

Drinking treason all night long,

How I laugh'd at liberty !

Then

Then it was, O royal James,
 That I hop'd to see thy face;
 But my hopes prove empty dreams,
 And a curse attends thy race.
 O the days, &c.

Rank I knew was found at court,
 And that honours wait the man
 Who of oaths can make his sport;
 So I quickly fix'd my plan.

Thus to James I bade adieu,
 Quitted then the midnight flask,
 Vow'd to George that I'd be true,
 Which I found no easy task.
 O the days, &c.

Now, alas! my vigour's fled,
 Stealing time has brought decay;
 And I soon must lay my head,
 Where the great and noble lay.
 O the days, &c.

What avails my boasted skill?
 What the nightly flowing bowl?
 Of power I have had my fill—
 O! I'm sick, I'm sick at soul.
 O the days, &c.

'Tis indeed a dreadful thing to have one foot in the grave, and no hope of a moment's ease in this world or the—Ha!—who comes here! Alas 'tis that graceless countryman of mine, whom I have tried, and with too much success, to mould into villainy. Daily and hourly does his shadow "cross me like my evil genius!"—and now he is coming to upbraid me,

Enter

Enter WEATHERBEATEN.

S O N G.

Tune. Ah cruel Maid, how hast thou chang'd.

*Ab ! basest man, how hast thou crost
 The temper of my mind !
 My heart, like thine, to virtue lost,
 Becomes, like thine, unkind !*

*By honour favour'd, once was I
 Ambitious of true fame,
 And scorn'd to tell the studied lie
 To raise myself a name.*

*But now, so fate, through thee, ordain'd,
 My honour all is fled,
 And nothing in return I've gain'd,
 But curses on my head.*

*The jibe, the taunt, from Britons throats,
 Are heard where'er I go :—
 " Ab lost ! ab worse than lost our votes !
 Bestow'd on freedom's foe."*

*But ere I bear the madd'ning pains
 That rend with horrid power,
 I'll risk the loss of Heavenly gains,
 And seek th' infernal shore.*

*The pois'nous potion I'll prepare,
 And drink a curse to thee ;
 Secure, where'er I go, that there
 Thou soon shalt follow me.*

Exit.

Caen-Wood. Pshaw, *Weatherbeaten*, talk not of suicide---That were cowardice in the abstract. Let us endeavour to make the best of our situations, and all will go well again---Thou shalt have the seals, as a reward for thy services---I will solicit them for thee.

Weatherbeaten. The seals!---Alas thou know'st not what I feel---Can'st thou recall departed honour---alleviate the pangs of conscious guilt, and restore peace and virtue to the guilty breast? Ah no!---these things are beyond thy utmost skill---all crafty as thou art.

SONG. WEATHERBEATEN.

*Then what remains but I now depart,
With all the tortures of a broken heart?*

*Deep is the wound thy tenets have impress'd,
And keen the tortures I am doom'd to bear:
One only hope gives comfort to my breast, ---
That thou, O villain! hast thy share.*

I cannot be more wretched than I am---and my only hope is annihilation. Dreadful thought!---but I am gone for ever.--- [Exit *Weatherbeaten*.

CAEN-WOOD.

This man's fate, which will tread close on the heels of his resolution, alarms me. But I will not follow his steps. As I cannot be happy in innocence, I am resolv'd to be distinguished in guilt.

[Enter a servant.

Caen-Wood. Why this intrusion, fellow?

Servant,

Servant. My lord Boreas attends, and desires the honour of five minutes conversation with——

Caen-Wood. Shew him up immediately——[*Exit Servant*]——Now must I dress my clouded brow in smiles, and assume the hypocrite:——but indeed I have so long practised that character, that it sits perfectly easy on me.

Enter BOREAS.

Caen-Wood. Your lordship's most obedient and devoted servant. To what, my lord, am I to attribute the honour of this obliging visit?

Boreas. The honour of your conversation would at any time have been a sufficient inducement for me——but at present I have business—a packet, with dispatches of importance from America.

Caen-Wood. Ha! What news, my lord?

Boreas. Governor *Carleton* has obtained a complete victory over the rebel army in *Canada*; and general *Howe* is arrived in safety at *HALIFAX*.

Caen-Wood. This will strengthen the hands of government, raise the spirits of our party, and sow the seed of despondency among the patriots.

Boreas. Your lordship will excuse me——I must be gone, but I am happy in giving you the earliest intelligence of this welcome news.

Caen-Wood. I think myself abundantly honoured.——Good morning to your lordship.

[*Exit Boreas.*]

CAEN-WOOD, solus.

Superlative blockhead!—Now is his wise head full of imaginary ideas of subjugating the Americans: as
F if

If three millions of people, enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, hardy—brave—vigilant—frugal—possessing a tract of country larger than all Europe,—having within themselves all the conveniencies and comforts of life, and fighting for every thing they hold dear to themselves and their posterity, could be conquered by any force that can be sent from this country. Ridiculous idea !—Ten thousand times more ridiculous is it than the attempt made, some years since, to place our old friend on the throne. In that case there was some probability of success. They did not know but a majority of the people might have joined them ; and they had not 3000 miles to fetch every breakfast and dinner they were to eat. But, in the present instance, the idea of conquest is a farce : and our hopeful ministers have nothing to fight against but the winds and the waves ; the woods and swamps of an unknown country ; the heats of summer, and the rigours of winter ; and, above all, the unbroken spirit of a gallant, virtuous, and determined people !

[Exit *Caen-Wood*,

Enter TWITCHER,

Well—this girl is the plague of my life—my punishment by day, and my torment by night—Yet, spite of age and impotence, I love her—and—

S O N G.

Tune. By him we love offended.

*When those we love enrage us,
How soon our passion flies !
The Shuts can re engage us,
And kill us with their eyes !*

Last

*Last night the little gipsy
I bid depart my house ;
She told me I was tipsy,
Nor valued me a souse.——*

*Yet were she now to enter,
And catch me in this place,
I fear I scarce could venture
To look upon her face.
When those we love, &c.*

*The little, artful, baggage
Has often said she lov'd ;
And tho' next hour she wrong'd me,
I told her I approv'd :*

*That all she did was charming,
So long as she was kind ;
When with a song she pays me,
Her faults are thrown behind.*

Enter CLARA RAYMOND.

Clara. Where is this tyrant keeper of mine ? This lord of anchors and cables ? This emperor of the Dock-yards ?——O ! are you there ?—You sneaking, pimping, incapable—Oh ! I could tear your eyes out, you old goat ! You a peer !—You are nothing but the pander of your own vices. Like Chartres, you have long deserv'd the gallows, for what you have done, and what you cannot do.

Twitchee. Soft, my *Clara*—softly I beseech thee——A piano note, my lovely girl. Thou knowest I cannot bear that thundering sound—Come, *Clara*, buss and be friends——Sing me a song, you little devil.

F 2

Clara.

Clara. Not I truly—I'll neither kiss nor sing—
(peevishly.)

Twitcher. Indeed but you must, my *Clara*.

Clara. Buy me the diamond necklace then.

Twitcher. I would if I could spare the cash ;—
but upon my honour—

Clara. O ! curse your honour—I'll have none
on't—the necklace, Sir, or the ready money—
or I'm off—positively off.—Why I was better
treated when I was apprentice to a mantua-maker
in Clerkenwell, than I am by you—cruel and
unkind as you are— [weeps.]

Twitcher. Nay, my lovely girl, I cannot bear
those tears—here—here—take this bill for a hun-
dred ; and thou shalt have the remainder to-morrow.
Damn it, what signifies mincing the matter ?—'Tis
but squeezing the chest at Chatham.

S O N G.

Tune. How oft, Louisa, &c.

*How oft, my Clara. hast thou said,
(The fondness of thy heart to prove,)
That Twitcher was thy dearest friend,
Nor would'st thou seek another love.*

*And by those lips that sweetly swore,
And by those eyes that shine so bright,
I ne'er lov'd woman so before,
For Clara is my soul's delight.*

Then

*Then let me press those ruby lips,
And on that lovely breast repose,
Exhaling fragrance from thy breath;
Fragrance that far excels the rose.*

*Thus let us spend the live-long day,
And thus the tedious night beguile;
The cares of state I shall not feel,
So Clara sing, and Clara smile!*

Clara. Why, aye, this is something like breeding
—a complimentary song, and a hundred guineas :
but I must have the rest to-morrow.

Twitcher. Positively—but give me one song,
my charmer, (*looks amorously at her.*)

Clara. I believe I have a little piece you have not
yet heard; and you are such a bewitching devil,
there's no refusing you any thing.

S O N G.

Tune. Adieu, thou dreary Pile.

*Farewell all angry thoughts, for Twitcher loves,
And by the solid gold his passion proves!
At home your virtuous fools may moping stay;
Give me the ball, the opera, and the play!
Cornely's groves, which fan each soft desire,
Cornely's friends—to quench the raging fire.*

And so your servant, my lord; I'm engaged to-
night with a private party. [Exit Clara.

TWITCHER,

TWITCHER, solus.

Enchanting devil!—This girl would be the utter ruin of me at seventy years of age, if my fortune was not already dissipated, and my character lost beyond recovery.—But I must now to business; and try how to raise a sum, by advancing some worthless scoundrel over the heads of a hundred men of merit.

SCENE the inside of a Methodist Meeting-house, Bottles, Glasses, and political pamphlets on a table—Canting JOHN, and DARTFORD, with others, sitting round.

GLEE and CHORUS.

Tune. This bottle's the fun of our table.

Canting John, *This pamphlet shall answer them all, Sirs,
It proves that murder's right;
For—why should a minister fall, Sirs,
Inspir'd by inward light?*

ALL

ALL,

*Then joy be all our own ;
 They soon shall feel
 That swords of steel
 Will bring the Yankies down.*

Dartford. The public is indebted to thy generous zeal, *John*; and when I am Prime-minister thou shalt be archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Canting John. I humbly thank your lordship for your kind intentions ; but *York* would suffice for me ; I am not ambitious :—What I have written was in the singleness of my heart, inspired as it is with a Christian zeal for the good of my fellow-subjects.

Dartford. Rest contented, *John*—thou shalt be thought of.

Canting John. My blessing goes with your lordship.—To be sure I am old, and have walked many a weary mile in vain ; and a carriage of some sort might make me still farther useful in my generation.

Dartford. Depend on me, *John*—Come, my coach waits—thou shalt dine with me to-day.—I have some excellent turbot and venison.

Canting John. And I have a kind of propensity to eating : for such has been my zeal and abstinence of late, that I have eaten but thrice a day,—since I engaged in writing the unanswerable pamphlet : but, thank heaven, my labours are now over, and my reward depends on your lordship. [Exit.

MUNGO,

MUNGO, and WEATHERBEATEN.

DUET.

Tune. Turn thee around, I pray thee.

Mungo. *Do not play the fool, man,
Do not cut thy throat :*

Weatherb. *I have been a tool, man,
I have sold my vote.*

Mungo. *I have been a villain
Longer far than thou :—*

Weatherb. *Talk not—I'm unwilling
Thus to break my vow.*

Mungo. Thou shalt not be lost, I say ;—thou hast great abilities, and if thou hast any compunctions of mind, turn Methodist, as I have done, The pale of that church affords the surest protection to a repentant sinner—especially if he be a rich one. Ah, my friend ! thou knowest not what cordial draughts of comfort I have drank from the mouth of canting *John*, in return for which I have given him only some draughts of my Burgundy :—is not this purchasing Heaven at a cheap rate ?

Weatherb. Well—I will e'en take thy advice.—Water is welcome to the thirsty traveller, from whatever spring it flows.—And so farewell to politics and bribery—

Mungo. To courts and courtiers for ever —
Bravo ! my lad.—Thou shalt yet be happy as preaching

preaching and plenty—long prayers and lovely women can make thee.—O 'tis a comfortable thing to sin and repent alternately; to go now to the chapel, and now to the brothel; to wipe off as we go, and never have twenty-four hours iniquity upon our heads at one time.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Tune. Oft does Hymen smile to hear,

*Farewel to St. Stephen's Hall,
Farewell to St. James's Place;
We're above this earthly ball,
And must run the Heavenly race:
For our glory is to prove
True to Hymn-books, and to Love*

Enter MAC BOOT, BOREAS, MINDEN, TWITCHER,
CAEN-WOOD, and the rest of the gang.

Boreas. We're all undone and damn'd—A change of men and measures is resolved on: Don *Louis* has at length opened his eyes—He sees, what all the world saw before,—that we are a pack of infamous—but no matter—This is no abiding-place for me—every one will act as he thinks most prudent;—for my part, I shall seek my safety in flight.—No matter where—any spot is safer than this—

G

Mac Boot.

Mac Boot. And I'll retire to the antient Land of Tyranny, and be a tyrant—as all my Fathers were.

Cæen-wood. I'll seek the *Italian* shore—There is *one man* in that country to whom I shall still be welcome—and *who* knows what may yet be brought about ?

Twitchee. And I'll go quarrel with *Clara*, that I may find means of parting with her ; and then I'll try if the drunken Priest in the north, whom my bounty raised to affluence, will give me a dinner.

Minden. But where the devil shall I go ?—My finances are none of the best—*Germa* is a cheap country ; but the air does not agree with my constitution.—I'll e'en seek out some nation of savage Indians, and learn the art of scalping.—I love to see any blood stream—but my own.

Boreas. A word with you, gentlemen !—whither so fast ?—We have lived merrily on the public spoils—let us part with a song, according to custom.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Tune, Come now for Jest and Smiling.

*Come now for joke and singing,
Let's end like the beginning,
And drive old care away.*

*With infamy we're crown'd,
While Summer suns run round,
Yet drive, &c.*

Each

*Each rogue with blushes burning,
Should dread each day returning;
But drive, &c.*

*Then a health to—you know who,
To him, we'll ALL be true,
Till we drive, &c.*

*Then let us still be jolly,
Forget all melancholy,
And drive, &c.*

*Thus keeping up the ball,
Till LUCIFER shall call,
And drive us all away.*

F I N I S.

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